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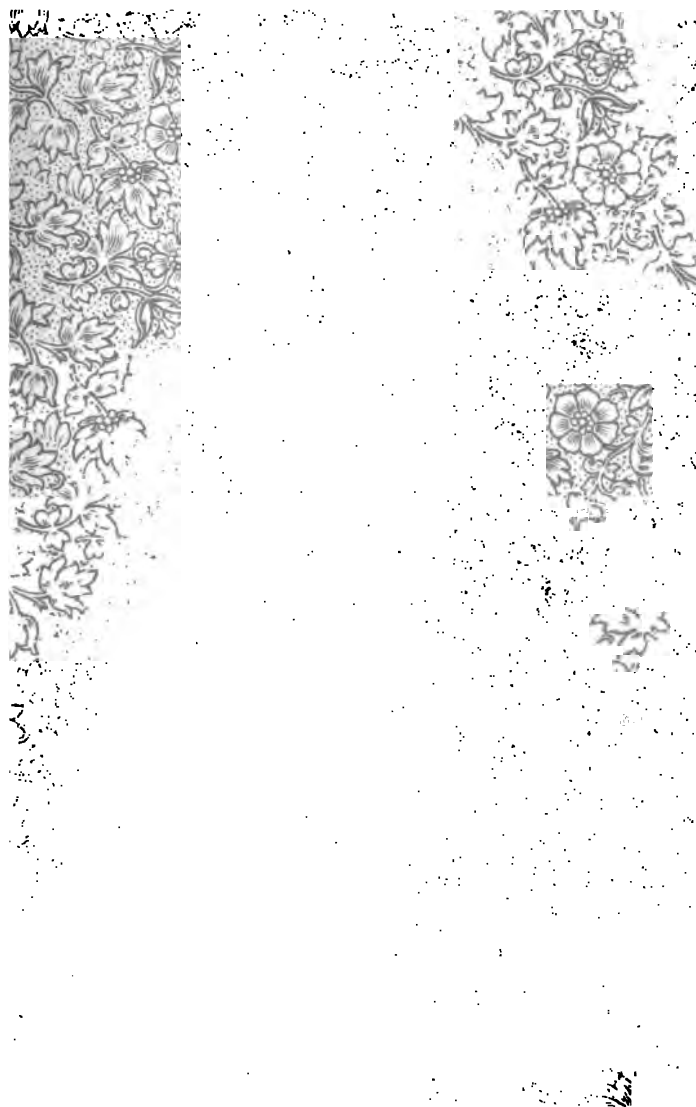
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In This Our World.

# IN THIS OUR WORLD.

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## POEMS

BY

CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON. *Glenn*  
*H.*

---

OAKLAND, CAL.:  
MCCOMBS & VAUGHN, PUBLISHERS.

1893.

H.

In This Our World

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## THE ROCK AND THE SEA.

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### THE ROCK.

I am the Rock, presumptuous Sea!  
I am set to encounter thee.  
Angry and loud, or gentle and still,  
I am set here to limit thy power and I will—  
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock. From age to age  
I scorn thy fury and dare thy rage!  
Scarred by frost and worn by time,  
Brown with weed and green with slime, [face,  
Thou mayst drench and defile me and spit in my  
But while I am here thou keep'st thy place!  
I am the Rock!

I am the Rock, beguiling Sea!  
I know thou art fair as fair can be,  
With golden glitter and silver sheen,  
And bosom of blue and garments of green.  
Thou mayst pat my cheek with baby hands  
And lap my feet in diamond sands,  
And play before me as children play.  
But plead as thou wilt, I bar the way!  
I am the Rock!



I am the Rock! Black midnight falls;  
The terrible breakers rise like walls;  
With curling lips and gleaming teeth  
They plunge and tear at my bones beneath.  
Year upon year they grind and beat  
In storms of thunder and storms of sleet—  
Grind and beat and wrestle and tear,  
But the rock they beat on is always there!

I am the Rock!

#### THE SEA.

I am the Sea. I hold the land  
As one holds an apple in his hand—  
Holds it fast with sleepless eyes,  
Watching the continents sink and rise.  
Out of my bosom the mountains grow,  
Back to its depths they crumble slow.  
The earth is a helpless child to me—

I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. When I draw back  
Blossom and verdure follow my track,  
And the land I leave grows proud and fair,  
For the wonderful race of man is there.  
And the winds of heaven wail and cry  
While the nations rise and reign and die—  
Living and dying in folly and pain  
While the laws of the universe thunder in vain!

I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. The earth I sway;  
Granite to me is potter's clay!  
Under the touch of my careless waves  
It rises in turrets and sinks in caves. -  
The iron cliffs that edge the land  
I grind to pebbles and sift to sand;  
And beach grass bloweth and children play  
In what were the rocks of yesterday.  
It is but a moment of sport to me—  
I am the Sea!

I am the Sea. In my bosom deep  
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty sleep;  
Wealth and Wonder and Beauty rise  
In changing splendor of sunset skies;  
And comfort the earth with rains and snows  
Till waves the harvest and laughs the rose.  
Flower and forest and child of breath  
With me have life—without me, death!  
What if the ships go down in me?—  
I am the Sea!

---

## A MOONRISE.

The heavy mountains, lying huge and dim,  
With uncouth outline breaking heaven's brim—  
And while I watched and waited, o'er them soon,  
Cloudy, enormous, spectral, rose the moon.

## A COMMON INFERENCE.

A night: mysterious, tender, quiet, deep;  
Heavy with flowers; full of life asleep;  
Thrilling with insect voices; thick with stars;  
No cloud between the dewdrops and red Mars;  
The small earth whirling softly on her way;  
The moonbeams and the waterfalls at play;  
A million million worlds that move in peace;  
A million mighty laws that never cease;—  
And one small ant heap, hidden by small weeds,  
Rich with eggs, slaves and store of millet seeds.  
They sleep beneath the sod  
And trust in God.

A day: all glorious, royal, blazing, bright;  
Radiant with flowers, full of life and light;  
Great fields of corn and sunshine; courteous trees,  
Snow-sainted mountains; earth-embracing seas;  
Wide, golden deserts; slender silver streams;  
Clear rainbows where the tossing fountain gleams;  
And everywhere in happiness and peace.  
A million forms of life that never cease;—  
And one small ant heap, crushed by passing tread.  
Hath scarce enough alive to mourn the dead!  
They shriek beneath the sod.  
“There is no God!”

## SONGS.

## I.

O world of green, all shining, shifting!  
O world of blue, all living, lifting!  
O world where glassy waters smoothly roll!  
Fair earth, and heaven free,  
Ye are but part of me,  
Ye are my soul.

O woman nature, shining, shifting!  
O woman creature, living, lifting!  
Come soft and still to one who waits thee here!  
Fair soul, both mine and free,  
Ye who are part of me,  
Appear! Appear!

## II.

How could I choose but weep?  
The poor bird lay asleep;  
For lack of food, for lack of breath,  
For lack of life he came to death—  
How could I choose but weep?  
How could I choose but smile?  
There was no lack the while!  
In bliss he did undo himself,—  
Where life was full he slew himself—  
How could I choose but smile?

Would ye but understand!  
Joy is on every hand!  
Ye shut your eyes and call it night,  
Ye grope and fall in seas of light—  
Would ye but understand!

---

### THE CUP.

And yet, saith he, ye need but sip!  
And who would die without a taste?  
Just touch the goblet to the lip—  
Then let the bright draught run to waste!

She set her lip to the beaker's brim—  
'Twas passing sweet! 'Twas passing mild!  
She let her large eyes dwell on him  
And sipped again, and smiled.

So sweet! So mild! She scarce can tell  
If she doth really drink or no;  
'Till the light doth fade and the shadows swell  
And the goblet lieth low.

O cup of dreams! O cup of doubt!  
O cup of blinding joy and pain!  
The taste that none would die without!  
The draught that all the world must drain.

## ON THE PAWTUXET.

Broad and blue is the river, all bright in the sun,  
The little waves sparkle, the little waves run;  
The birds carol high and the winds whisper low,  
The boats beckon temptingly, row upon row;  
Her hand is in mine as I help her step in.  
Please Heaven this day I shall lose or shall win!  
Broad and blue is the river.

Cool and gray is the river. The sun sinks apace,  
And the rose-colored twilight glows soft in her  
face.

In the midst of the rose-color Venus doth shine,  
And the blossoming wild grapes are sweeter than  
wine.

Tall trees rise above us, four bridges are past,  
And my stroke's running slow as the current runs  
fast!

Cool and grey is the river.

Smooth and black is the river. No sound as we  
float

Save the soft lapping water in under the boat.  
The white mists are rising, the moon's rising too,  
And Venus, triumphant, rides high in the blue.  
I hold the shawl round her, her hand is in mine,  
And we drift under grape blossoms sweeter than  
wine.

Smooth and black is the river.

## THE SHIP.

The sunlight is mine! And the sea!  
And the four wild winds that blow!  
The winds of heaven that whistle free,  
They are but slaves to carry me  
Wherever I choose to go!

Fire for a power inside!  
Air for a pathway free!  
I traverse the earth in conquest wide,  
The sea is my servant; the sea is my bride,  
And the elements wait on me!

---

In dull, green light, down-filtered sick and slow,  
Through miles of heavy water overhead,  
With miles of heavy water yet below,  
A ship lies, dead.  
Shapeless and broken, swayed from side to side,  
The helpless driftwood of an unknown tide.

---

## A PRAYER.

O God! I cannot ask Thee to forgive—  
I have done wrong!  
Thy law is just—Thy law must live—  
Whoso doth wrong must suffer pain!  
But help me to do right again—  
Again be strong!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FOR LOS ANGELES.

On the beautiful birthday of Jesus,  
While the nations praising stand,  
He goeth from city to city,  
He walketh from land to land.

And the snow lies white and heavy,  
And the ice lies wide and wan,  
But the love of the blessed Christmas  
Melts even the heart of man.

With love from the heart of Heaven,  
In the power of His Holy Name,  
To the City of the Queen of the Angels  
The tender Christ-child came.

The land blushed red with roses,  
The land laughed glad with grain,  
And the little hills smiled softly  
In the freshness after rain.

Land of the fig and olive!  
Land of the fruitful vine!  
His heart grew soft within him  
As he thought of Palestine!

Of the brooks with the banks of lilies,  
Of the little doves of clay,  
And of how he sat with his mother  
At the end of a summer's day.



His head on his mother's bosom,  
His hand in his mother's hand,  
Watching the golden sun go down  
Across the shadowy land.

A moment's life with human kind,  
A moment—nothing more;  
Eternity lies broad behind—  
Eternity before.

High on the Hills of Heaven,  
Majestic, undefiled,  
Forever and ever he lives, a God,  
But once he lived, a child!

And the child-heart leaps within him,  
And the child-eyes softer grow,  
When the land lies bright and sunny  
Like the land of long ago.

And the Love of God is mingled  
With the love of dear days gone  
When he comes to the city of his mother,  
On the day her child was born!

---

#### THE PROPHEETS.

Time was we stoned the Prophets. Age on age  
When men were strong to serve, the world hath  
slain them.

People are wiser now; they waste no rage—  
The prophets entertain them!

## HEAVEN.

Thou bright mirage! That o'er man's arduous way  
 Hast hung in the hot sky with fountains streaming,  
 Cool marble domes, and palm fronds waving,  
 gleaming,

Vision of rest and peace to end the day!

Now he is weariest, alone, astray,

Spent with long labor led by thy sweet seeming,

Faint as the breath of nature's lightest dreaming

Thou waverest and vanishest away!

Can Nature dream? Is God's great sky deceiving?

Where joy like that the clouds above us show

Be sure the counterpart must lie below,

Sweeter than hope—more blessed than believing!

We lose the fair reflection of our home

Because so near its gates our feet have come!

---

 PIONEERS.

Long have we sung our noble pioneers,

Vanguard of progress! *Heralds of the time!*

Guardians of industry and art sublime!

Leaders of man down all the brightening years.

To them the danger—to their wives the tears—

While we sit safely in the city's *grime*

In old-world trammels of *distress* and *crime*

Playing with words and thoughts, with *doubts*  
 and fears.

Children of axe and gun! Ye take to-day  
The baby steps of man's first feeblest age!  
While we, thought-seekers of the printed page,  
We lead the world down its untrodden way!  
Ours the drear wastes and leagues of empty way  
The lonely deaths, the undiscovered graves.

---

### WHERE MEMORY SLEEPS.

RONDEAU.

Where memory sleeps the soul doth rise  
Free of that past where sorrow lies,  
And storeth against future ills  
The courage of the constant hills,  
The comfort of the quiet skies.  
Fair is this land to tired eyes  
Where summer sunlight never dies,  
And summer's peace the spirit fills,  
Where memory sleeps.  
Safe from the season's changing cries  
And chill of yearly sacrifice,  
Great roses crowding window sills,  
Calm roses that no winter kills;  
The peaceful heart all pain denies,  
Where memory sleeps.

THE CHANGELESS YEAR.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Doth autumn remind thee of sadness,  
And winter of wasting and pain;  
Midsummer of joy that was madness;  
Spring, of hope that was vain?

Do the seasons fly fast at thy laughter,  
Do the seasons lag slow if thou weep,  
'Till thou longs't for the land that lies after  
The River of Sleep?

Come here, where the West lieth golden  
In the light of an infinite sun;  
Where Summer doth Winter embolden  
'Till they reign here as one.

Here the Seasons tread soft and steal slowly;  
A moment of question and doubt—  
Is it winter? Come faster!—come wholly!—  
And Spring rusheth out!

We forget there are tempests and changes,  
We forget there are days that are drear;  
In a dream of delight the soul ranges  
Through the measureless year.

Still the land is with blossoms enfolden,  
Still the sky burneth blue in its deeps;  
Time noddeth 'mid poppies all golden,  
And memory sleeps.

## NATURE'S ANSWER.

## I.

A man would build a house, and found a place  
As fair as any on the earth's fair face;

[green,  
Soft hills, dark woods, smooth meadows richly  
And cool tree-shaded lakes the hills between.

He built his house within this pleasant land,  
A stately white-porched house, long years to stand;

But, rising from his paradise so fair,  
Came fever in the night and killed him there.

"O lovely land!" he cried; How could I know  
That death was lurking under this fair show?"

And answered Nature, merciful and stern,  
"I teach by killing. Let the others learn."

## II.

A man would do great work, good work and true;  
He gave all things he had, all things he knew;

He worked for all the world; his one desire  
To make the people happier, better, higher.  
Used his best wisdom, used his utmost strength,  
And, dying in the struggle, found at length,

The giant evils he had fought, the same; [name.  
And that the world he loved scarce knew his

“Has all my work been wrong? I meant so well!  
I loved so much!” he cried; “How could I tell?”

And answered Nature, merciful and stern,  
“I teach by killing. Let the others learn.”

### III.

- A maid was asked in marriage. Wise as fair,  
She gave her answer with deep thought and  
prayer;

Expecting in the holy name of wife,  
Great work, great pain, and greater joy, in life.

She found such work as brainless slaves might  
do;

By day and night. Long labor never through.

Such pain—no language can her pain reveal.  
It had no limit but her power to feel

Such joy? Life left in her sad soul's employ  
Neither the hope nor memory of joy.

Helpless she died, with one despairing cry—  
“I thought it good! 'How could I tell the lie?”

And answered Nature, merciful and stern,  
“I teach by killing. Let the others learn.”

## THANKSGIVING HYMN.

FOR CALIFORNIA.

Our forefathers gave thanks to God  
In the land by the stormy sea  
For bread hard wrung from the iron sod  
In cold and misery.  
Though every day meant toil and strife,  
In the land by the stormy sea;  
They thanked their God for the gift of life—  
How much the more should we!

Stern frost had they, full many a day,  
Strong ice on the stormy sea;  
Long months of snow, grey clouds hung low,  
And a cold wind endlessly;  
Winter, and war with an alien race,  
But they were alive and free!  
And they thanked their God for His good grace—  
How much the more should we!

For we have a land all sunny with gold,  
A land by a summer sea;  
Gold in the earth for our hands to hold,  
Gold in blossom and tree;  
Comfort and plenty and beauty and peace  
From the mountains down to the sea!  
They thanked their God for a year's increase—  
How much the more should we!

## AMONG THE GODS.

How close the air of valleys! And how close  
 The teeming little life that harbors there!  
 For me, I will climb mountains; up and up,  
 Higher and higher, till I pant for breath  
 In that thin clearness. Still? There is no sound,  
 Or memory of sound, upon these heights.  
 Ah! the great sunlight! the caressing sky!  
 The beauty and the stillness and the peace!  
 I see my pathway clear for miles below;  
 See where I fell, and set a friendly sign  
 To warn some other of the danger there.  
 The green, small world is wide below me spread.  
 The great small world! Some things look large  
     and fair  
 Which in their midst I could not even see;  
 And some look small that used to terrify.  
 Blessed these heights of freedom, wisdom, rest!—  
 I will go higher yet.

A sea of cloud

Rolls soundless waves between me and the world.  
 This is the zone of everlasting snows;  
 And the sweet silence of the hills below  
 Is song and laughter to the silence here.  
 Great fields, huge peaks, long awful slopes of snow.  
 Alone, triumphant, far above the world.  
 I stand among these white eternities.



There at my feet  
Sink the unsounded, cloud-encumbered gulfs;  
And shifting mists now veil and now reveal  
The unknown fastnesses above me yet.  
I am alone—above all life—sole king  
Of these white wastes. How pitiful and small  
Becomes the outgrown world! I reign supreme,  
And in this utter stillness and wide peace  
Look calmly down upon the universe.

Surely that crest has changed! That pile of cloud  
That covers half the sky waves like a robe.

That large and gentle wind  
Is like the passing of a presence here.  
See how yon massive mist-enshrouded peak  
Is like the shape of an unmeasured foot—  
The figure with the stars!  
Ah! what is this! It moves, lifts, bends, is gone!  
With what a shocking sense of littleness,—  
A reeling universe that changes place  
And fall to new relation over me,—  
I feel the unseen presence of the gods!

## WHAT THEN?

Suppose you write your heart out till the world  
Sobs with one voice—what then?  
Small agonies that round your heartstrings curled  
Strung out for choice, that men  
May pick a phrase, each for his own pet pain,  
And thank the voice so come,  
They being dumb,—what then?

You have no sympathy! O endless claim!  
No one that cares! What then? [name  
Suppose you had—the whole world knew your  
And your affairs, and men [ful dreams  
Ached with your headache, dreamed your dread—  
And, with your heart-break due,  
Their hearts broke too—what then?

You think that people do not understand?  
You suffer? Die?—what then?  
Unhappy child, look here, on either hand!—  
Look low or high—all men  
Suffer and die and keep it to themselves!  
They die! they suffer sore!—  
You suffer more?—What then?

## A NEVADA DESERT.

An aching, blinding, barren, endless plain;  
Corpse-colored with white mould of alkali;  
Hairy with sage-brush, slimy after rain,  
Burnt with the sky's hot scorn, and still again  
Sullenly burning back against the sky.  
Dull green, dull brown, dull purple, and dull grey;  
The hard earth white with ages of despair;  
Slow-crawling, turbid streams where dead reeds  
sway;  
Low wall of sombre mountains far away,  
And sickly steam of geysers on the air.

---

## THE HEART OF THE WATER.

O the ache in the heart of the water that lies  
Underground in the desert unopened, unknown;  
While the seeds lie unbroken, the blossoms un-  
blown  
And the traveller wanders—the traveller dies!  
O the joy in the heart of the water that flows  
From the well in the desert—a desert no more—  
Bird-music and blossoms and harvest in store,  
And the white shrine that showeth the traveller  
knows!

## THE LION PATH.

I dare not!——

Look—the road is very dark—  
The trees stir soft and the bushes shake—  
The long grass rustles, and the darkness moves  
Here—there—beyond!——  
There's something crept across the road just now!  
And you would have me go?  
Go *there*—through that live darkness hideous  
With stir of crouching forms that wait to kill?  
Ah *look!* See there—and there—and there again—  
Great yellow glassy eyes, close to the ground!  
Look! Now the clouds are lighter I can see  
The long slow lashing of the sinewy tails  
And the set quiver of strong jaws that wait—!  
Go there? Not I! Who dares to go who sees  
So perfectly the lions in the path?

Comes one who dares.

Afraid at first, yet bound  
On such high errand as no fear could stay.  
Forth goes he, with the lions in his path.  
And then?——

He dared a death of agony—  
Outnumbered battle with the king of beasts—  
Long struggle in the horror of the night—  
Dared, and went forth to meet—O ye who fear!

Finding an empty road, and nothing there.  
A wide bare common road, with homely fields  
And fences, and the dusty roadside trees.  
——Some spitting kittens, maybe, in the grass.

---

## TOO MUCH.

There are who die without love, never seeing  
The clear eyes shining, the bright wings fleeing;  
Lonely they die and ahungered, in bitterness  
    knowing  
They have not had their share of the good there  
    was going.

There are who have and lose love, these ~~most~~  
    blesséd,  
In joy unstained which they have once possesséd.  
Lost while still dear, still sweet, still met by glad  
    affection—

An endless happiness in recollection.

And some have Love's full cup as he doth give it—  
Have it, and drink of it, and ah!—outlive it!  
Full fed by Love's delights, o'erwearied, sated,—  
They die not hungry—only suffocated.

## BABY LOVE.

Baby love came prancing by,  
Cap on head and sword on thigh,—  
Horse to ride and drum to beat—  
All the world beneath his feet.—

Mother Life was sitting there  
Hard at work and full of care,—  
Set of mouth and sad of eye—  
Baby Love came prancing by!—

Baby Love was very proud,  
Very lively, very loud;—  
Mother Life arose in wrath—  
Set an arm across his path.—

Baby Love wept loud and long,  
But his mother's arm was strong.—  
Mother had to work, she said—  
Baby Love was put to bed!—

## DESIRE

Lo I desire! Sum of the ages growth—  
Fruit of evolving eras—king of life—  
I—holding in myself the outgrown past  
In all its ever-rising forms—desire!  
With the first grassblade I desire the sun,  
With every bird that breathes I love the air  
With fishes, joy in water, with my horse  
Exult in motion, with all living flesh  
Long for sweet food and warmth and mate and  
young.—

With the whole rising tide of that which is  
Thirst for advancement—crave and yearn for it!  
Yea, I desire. Then the compelling will  
Urges to action to attain desire.  
What action? Which desire? Am I a plant,  
Rooted and helpless, following the light  
Without volition? Or am I a beast  
Led by desire into the hunter's snare?  
Am I a savage, swayed by every wish—  
Brutal and feeble—a ferocious child?  
Stand back Desire, and put your plea in words.  
No wordless wailing for the summer moon—  
No Gilpin race on some strong appetite—  
Stand here before the King and make your plea.  
If Reason sees it just, you have your wish;  
If not, your wish is vain. Plead as you will—  
The court is open, beggar. I am King.

## IN DUTY BOUND!

In duty, bound. A weary life hemmed in  
Whichever way the spirit turns to look  
No chance of breaking out except by sin,  
Not even room to shirk—  
Simply to live and work.

An obligation pre-imposed, unsought,  
Yet binding with the force of natural law;  
The pressure of antagonistic thought,  
Aching within each hour,  
A sense of wasting power.

A narrow house with roof so darkly low  
The heavy rafters shut the sunlight out;  
One cannot stand erect without a blow;  
Until the soul inside  
Shrieks for a grave—more wide.

A consciousness that if this thing endure  
The common joys of life will dull the pain;  
The high ideals of the grand and pure  
Die, as of course they must,  
Of long disuse and rust.

That is the worst. It takes supernal strength  
To hold the attitude that brings the pain;  
And they are few indeed but stoop at length  
To something less than best,  
To find, in stooping, rest.



## THE MODERN SKELETON.

As kings of old in riotous royal feasts,  
Among the piled up roses and the wine,  
Beside the costly viands bought with blood,  
Amidst the music and the dancing girls,  
The pearls and gold and barbarous luxury,  
Used to show also a white skeleton;—  
To make life meeker in the sight of death—  
To make joy sweeter by the thought thereof—

So our new kings in their high banqueting,  
With the electric lustre unforeseen,  
And unimagined costliness of flowers;  
Rich wines of price and food as rare as gems  
And all the wondrous waste of artifice;  
Midst highbred elegance and jeweled ease  
And beauty of rich raiment, they should set  
High before all a sickly pauper child.  
To keep the rich in mind of poverty—  
The sure concomitant of their estate.

## REINFORCEMENTS.

Yea we despair! Because the night is long  
And all arms weary with the endless fight  
With blind black forces of insulted law,  
Which we continually disobey  
And know not how to honor if we would.  
How can we fight when every effort fails,  
And the vast hydra looms before us still  
Headed as thickly as at dawn of day.  
Fierce as when evening fell on us at war.  
We are aweary and no help appears;  
No light, no knowledge, no sure way to kill  
Our ancient enemy. Let us give o'er—  
We do but fight with fate! Lay down your arms!  
Retreat! Surrender! Better live as slaves  
Than fight forever on a losing field!

Hold, ye fainthearted! Ye are not alone!  
Into your wornout ranks of weary men  
Come mighty reinforcements—even now!  
Look where the dawn is kindling in the east,—  
Lit with the glory of a better day,—  
A countless host—an endless host—all fresh  
With unstained banners and unsullied shields,  
With shining swords that point to victory,  
And great young hearts that know not how to fear—  
The Children come to save the weary world!

## THE LESSON OF DEATH.

TO S. T. D.

In memory of one whose breath  
Blessed all with words wise, loving, brave;  
Whose life was service, and whose death  
Unites our hearts around her grave.

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Another blow has fallen, Lord—  
Was it from thee?  
Is it indeed thy fiery sword  
That cuts our hearts? We know thy word—  
We know by heart wherein it saith  
“Whom the Lord loves he chasteneth”—  
But also, in another breath,  
This—“The wages of sin is death.”  
How may we tell what pain is good,  
In mercy sent,  
And what is evil through and through,  
Sure consequence of what we do,  
Sure product of thy broken laws,  
Certain effect of given cause,  
Just punishment!  
Not sin of those who suffer, Lord—  
To them no shame.  
For father's sins our children die  
With Justice sitting calmly by;

The guilty thrive nor yet repent  
While sorrow strikes the innocent—  
Whom shall we blame?

'Tis not that one alone is dead  
And these bereft—  
For her, for them, we grieve indeed;  
But there are other hearts that bleed!  
All up and down the world so wide  
We suffer, Lord, on every side—  
We who are left.

See now, we bend our stricken hearts,  
Patient and still—  
Knowing thy laws are wholly just—  
Knowing thy love commands our trust,  
Knowing that good is God alone,  
That pain and sorrow are our own,  
And seeking out by all our pain  
To struggle up to God again—  
Teach us thy will!

When shall we learn by common joy  
Broad as the sun,  
By common effort, common fear,  
All common life that holds us near,  
And this great bitter common pain  
Coming again and yet again—  
That we are one!

Yea, one. We cannot sin apart—  
Suffer alone—  
Nor keep our goodness to ourselves  
Like precious things on hidden shelves—  
Because we each live not our best  
Some one must suffer for the rest—  
For we are one!

Our pain is but the voice of wrong—  
Lord, help us hear.  
Teach us to see the truth at last,  
To mend our future from our past,  
To know thy laws and find them friends,  
Leading us safe to lovely ends,  
Thine own hand near.

Not one by doing right alone  
Can mend the way;  
But we must all do right together—  
Love help and serve each other, whether  
We joy or suffer; so at last  
Shall needless pain and death be past,  
And we, thy children, living here,  
Be worthy of their father dear!—  
God speed the day!

---

O help us, Father, from this loss  
To learn thy will;  
So shall our lost one live again,

### **THE WORLD.**

So shall her life not pass in vain,  
So shall we show in better living,  
In loving, helping, doing, giving,  
— That she lives still:



### **WOMAN.**

#### **SHE WALKETH VEILED AND SLEEPING.**

She walketh veiled and sleeping,  
For she knoweth not her power;  
She obeyeth but the pleading  
Of her heart and the high leading  
Of her soul, unto this hour.  
Slow advancing, limping, creeping,  
Comes the Woman to the Hour!—  
She walketh veiled and sleeping  
For she knoweth not her power.

## WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

You women of to-day who fear so much  
The women of the future, showing how  
The dangers of her course are such and such—  
What are you now?

Mothers and Wives and Housekeepers forsooth!  
Great names! you cry; full scope to rule and  
please!  
Room for wise age and energetic youth!—  
But are you these?

Housekeepers! Do you then like those of yore  
Keep house with power and pride, with grace  
and ease?  
No, you keep servants only! What is more  
You don't keep these!

Wives, say you? Wives! Blessed indeed are  
they  
Who hold of Love the everlasting keys,  
Keeping their husband's hearts! Alas the day!  
You don't keep these!

And mothers? Pitying Heaven! Mark the cry!  
From cradle death-beds! Mothers on their  
knees!  
Why, half the children born *as children die!*  
You don't keep these!

And still the wailing babies come and go,  
And homes are waste, and husband's hearts fly far,  
There is no hope until you dare to know  
The thing you are!

## GIRLS OF TO-DAY.

Girls of to-day! Give ear!  
Never since Time began  
Has come to the race of man  
A year, a day, an hour,  
So full of promise and power  
As the time that now is here!

Never in all the lands  
Was there a power so great,  
To move the wheels of state—  
To lift up body and mind—  
To waken the deaf and blind—  
As the power that is in your hands!

Here at the gates of gold  
You stand in the pride of youth,  
Strong in courage and truth,  
Stirred by a force kept back  
Through centuries long and black—  
Armed with a power threefold!

First:—You are makers of men!  
Then Be the things you preach!  
Let your own greatness teach!  
When mothers like this you see  
Men will be strong and free—  
Then, and not till then!



Second:—Since Adam fell,  
Have you not heard it said  
That men by women are led?  
True is the saying—true!  
See to it what you do!  
See that you lead them well!

Third:—You have work of your own!  
Maid and mother and wife,  
Look in the face of life!  
There are duties you owe the race,  
Outside your dwelling place,  
There is work for you alone!

Maid and mother and wife!—  
See your own work be done!  
Be worthy a noble son!  
Help man in the upward way!  
Truly, a girl to-day  
Is the strongest thing in life!

## TO MOTHERS.

In the name of your ages of anguish!  
In the name of the curse and the stain!  
By the strength of your sorrow I call you!  
By the power of your pain!

We are Mothers. Through us in our bondage,  
Through us with a brand in the face,  
Be we fettered with gold or with iron,  
Through us comes the race!

With the weight of all sin on our shoulders,  
Midst the serpents of shame ever curled,  
We have sat, unresisting, defenceless,—  
Making the men of the word!

We were ignorant long, and our children  
Were besotted and brutish and blind;  
King-driven, priest-ridden,—who were they?  
Our children—mankind.

We were kept for our beauty, our softness,  
Our sex;—what reward do ye find?  
We transmit, must transmit, being mothers,  
What we are to mankind!

As the mother so follow the children!  
No nation, wise noble and brave,  
Ever sprang,—though the father had freedom,  
From the mother,—a slave!

Look now at the world as ye find it!  
Blench not! Truth is kinder than lies!  
Look now at the world—see it suffer!  
Listen now to its cries!

See the people who suffer, all people!  
All humanity wasting its powers  
In a hand to hand struggle—deathdealing—  
All children of ours!

The blind millionaire—the blind harlot—  
The blind preacher leading the blind—  
Only think of their pain, how it hurts them!  
Our little blind babies—mankind!

Shall we bear it? We mothers who love them?  
Can we bear it? We mothers who feel  
Every pang of our babes and forgive them  
Every sin when they kneel?

Little stumbling world! You have fallen!  
You are crying in darkness and fear!  
Wait darling—your mother is coming!  
Hush darling—your mother is here!

We are here like an army with banners!  
The great flag of our freedom unfurled!  
With us rests the fate of the nations,  
For we make the world!

Dare ye sleep while your children are calling?  
Dare ye wait while they clamor unfed?  
Dare ye pray in the proud pillared churches  
While they suffer for bread?

If the father hath sinned he shall answer,  
If he check thee laugh back at his powers!  
Shall a mother be kept from her children?  
These people are ours!

They are ours! He is ours for we made him!  
In our arms he has nestled and smiled!  
Shall we, the world-mothers be hindered  
By the freaks of a child?

Rise now in the power of The Woman!  
Rise now in the hour of our need!  
The world cries in hunger and darkness!  
We shall light! We shall feed!

In the name of our ages of anguish!  
In the name of the curse and the stain!  
By the strength of our sorrow we conquer!  
In the power of our pain!

## "WE, AS WOMEN."

There's a cry in the air about us—  
We hear it before—behind—  
Of the way in which "We, as women"  
Are going to lift mankind!

With our white frocks starched and ruffled  
And our soft hair brushed and curled—,  
Hats off! for "we, as women"  
Are coming to help the world!

Fair sisters—listen one moment,  
And perhaps you'll pause for ten—  
The business of women *as women*  
Is only with men as men!

What we do, "we as women,"  
We have done, all through life;  
The work that is ours as women  
Is the work of mother and wife.

But to elevate public opinion,  
And to lift up erring man,  
Is the work of the Human Being—  
Let us do it—if we can!

But wait, warmhearted sisters—  
Not quite so fast, so far—  
Tell me how we are going to lift a thing  
Any higher than we are!

We are going to "purify politics"  
And to "elevate the press,"  
We enter the foul paths of the world  
To sweeten and cleanse and bless.

To hear the high things we are going to do  
And the horrors of man we tell  
One would think "we as women" were angels,  
And our brothers were fiends of hell.

We, that were born of one mother,  
And reared in the selfsame place.  
In the church and the school together,  
We, of one blood, one race!

Now then, all forward together!  
But remember, every one,  
That it is not by feminine innocence  
The work of the world is done!

The world needs strength and courage,  
And wisdom to help and feed—  
When "we, as women" bring these to man  
We shall lift the world indeed!

## REASSURANCE.

Can you imagine nothing better, brother,  
Than that which you have always had before?  
Have you been so content with "wife and mother"  
You dare hope nothing more?

Have you forever prized her, praised her, sung her,  
The happy queen of a most happy reign?  
Never dishonored her, despised her, flung her  
Derision and disdain?

Go ask the literature of all the ages!  
Books that were written before woman read!  
Pagan and Christian, Satirists and Sages!  
Read what the world has said!

There was no power on earth to bid you slacken  
The generous hand that painted her disgrace!  
There was no shame on earth too black to blacken  
That much-praised woman-face!

Eve and Pandora!—always you begin it—  
The ancients called her Sin and Shame and Death!  
"There is no evil without woman in it!"  
The modern proverb saith!

She has been yours in uttermost possession!—  
Your slave, your mother, your well-chosen bride—  
And you have owned in million-fold confession  
You were not satisfied.

Peace then! Fear not the coming woman, brother!  
Owning herself she giveth all the more!  
She shall be better woman, wife, and mother  
Than man hath known before!

## SIX HOURS A DAY.

Six hours a day the woman spends on food!  
Six mortal hours a day. \* \* \*  
With fire and water toiling, heat and cold,  
Struggling with laws she does not understand  
Of chemistry and physics, and the weight  
Of poverty and ignorance beside.  
Toiling for those she loves, the added strain  
Of tense emotion on her humble skill—  
The sensitiveness born of love and fear  
Making it harder to do even work.  
Toiling without release, no hope ahead  
Of taking up another business soon,  
Of varying the task she finds too hard—  
This her career so closely interknit  
With holier demands as deep as life,  
That to refuse to cook is held the same  
As to refuse her wife and motherhood.  
Six mortal hours a day to handle food—  
Prepare it, serve it, clean it all away;  
With allied labors of the stove and tub,  
The pan, the dishcloth, and the scrubbing brush.  
Developing forever in her brain  
The power to do this work in which she lives.  
While the slow finger of heredity  
Writes on the forehead of each living man,  
Strive as he may, "His mother was a cook!"



## BALLADE OF YE GENTIL MAYDE.

Shee was a mayde, a gentil mayde,  
Her hearte was softe and kynde,  
And yet shee lyked her horses tayle  
Cut off behynde, behynde,—  
Cut off full shorte behynde.

With blynders, checks, and martyngales  
That hapless beaste was tyde,  
Or else her sadylle galled his backe  
Whenever shee did ryde.  
O why not sit astryde?

Shee had a dogge, a lyttel dogge,  
Shee wore him on a chayne,  
Shee made him fatte, shee made him sickke,  
And so he dyed in payne—  
Alas! he dyed in payne!

Shee had a flower, a lovely flower,  
Which languished in a potte,  
Shee tho't it was it's nature too—  
But then you know it's notte!  
Of course we know it's notte!

Shee had a byrde, a yellow byrde,  
Life-prisoned in a cayge;  
'Tis naught, sayth shee, because you see  
He was born in that same cayge—  
Or caught at a tender ayge.

As if, forsooth, when men were slaves,  
It added to their glee  
To have theyre sires, and eke themselves  
Born fast in slaveree!  
Born into slaveree!

But O this mayde! This gentil mayde!  
Shee wore upon her hedde  
A hatte the ornaments of which  
Were bodys of the dedde!  
Just fragments of the dedde!

The feathers of dedde byrds shee wore,  
Tayles of the slaughtered beaste  
Their lyttle heddes her buttons were—  
Shee wore a score at leaste—  
A score of deaths at leaste!

A gentil mayde! O lovely mayde!  
With mylde and tender eye!  
Why is it for your pleasuring  
These lyttle ones must dye?  
These helpless ones must dye!

## FEMININE VANITY.

Feminine Vanity! O ye Gods! Hear to this man!  
As if silk and velvet and feathers and fun  
And jewels and gold had been just for *her*  
Since the world began!

[the way!  
Where is his memory! Let him look back—all of  
Let him study the history of his race  
From the first he savage that painted his face  
To the Dude of to-day!

Vanity! Oh! Are the twists and curls,  
The intricate patterns in red, black and blue,  
The wearisome tortures of rich tattoo,  
Just made for girls?

Is it only the squaw who files the teeth,  
And dangles the lip, and bores the ear, [queer  
And wears bracelet and necklet and anklet as  
As the bones beneath?

Look at the soldier, the noble, the King!  
Egypt or Greece or Rome discloses  
The purples and perfumes and gems and roses  
On a masculine thing!

Look at the men of our own dark ages?  
Heroes too, in their cloth of gold,  
With jewels as thick as the cloth could hold  
On the knights and pages!

We wear false hair! Our man looks big!  
But it's not so long, let me beg to state  
Since every gentleman shaved his pate  
And wore a wig!

French heels! Sharp toes! See our feet defaced!  
But there was a day when the soldier free  
Tied the toe of his shoe to the manly knee—  
Yes, and even the waist!

We pad and stuff—! Our man looks bolder!  
Don't speak of the time when a bran-filled bunch  
Made an English gentleman look like Punch—  
But feel of his shoulder!

Feminine Vanity! O ye Gods! Hear to these [men!  
Vanity's wide as the world is wide—  
Look at the peacock in his pride—  
Is it a hen?

## FEMALES.

The female fox she is a fox  
The female whale a whale;  
The female eagle holds her place  
As representative of race  
As truly as the male.

The mother hen doth scratch for her chicks  
And scratch for herself beside;  
The mother cow doth nurse her calf,  
Yet fares as well as her other half  
In the pasture free and wide.

The female bird doth soar in air,  
The female fish doth swim,  
The fleetfoot mare upon the course  
Doth hold her own with the flying horse—  
Yea, and she beateth him!

One female in the world we find,  
Telling a different tale,  
It is the female of our race  
Who holds a parasitic place  
Dependent on the male.

Not so, saith she, ye slander me!  
No parasite am I!  
I earn my living as a wife—  
My children take my very life—  
Why should I share in human strife—  
To plant and build and buy?

The human race holds highest place  
In all the world so wide,  
Yet these inferior females wive,  
And raise their little ones alive,  
And feed themselves beside.

The race is higher than the sex,  
Though sex be fair and good,  
A Human Creature is your state  
And to be Human is more great  
Than even womanhood!

The female fox she is a fox  
The female whale a whale—  
The female eagle holds her place  
As representative of race,  
As truly as the male!

## UNSEXED.

It was a wild rebellious drone  
That loudly did complain,  
He wished he was a Worker Bee  
With all his might and main.

I want to work, the Drone declared;  
Quoth they, the thing you mean  
Is that you scorn to be a Drone  
And long to be a Queen.

You long to lay unnumbered eggs  
And rule the waiting throng,  
You long to lead our summer flight  
And this is rankly wrong.

Cried he, my life is pitiful,  
I only eat and wed,  
And in my marriage is the end—  
Thereafter I am dead.

I would I were the Busy Bee  
That flits from flower to flower,  
I long to share in work and care  
And feel the worker's power.

Quoth they, the life you dare to spurn  
Is set before you here  
As your one great, prescribed, ordained  
Divinely ordered sphere!

Without your service as a Drone  
We should not be alive,  
Your modest task, when well fulfilled  
Preserves the busy hive.

Why underrate your blessed power?  
Why leave your rightful throne,  
To choose a field of life that's made  
For working bees alone?

Cried he, But it is not enough!  
My momentary task!  
Let me do that and more beside—  
To work is all I ask.

Then fiercely rose the workers all,  
For sorely were they vexed,  
O wretch! they cried, should this betide  
You would become *unsexed*.

And yet he had not sighed for eggs,  
Nor yet for royal mien;  
He longed to be a worker bee,  
But not to be a queen!



## THE HOLY STOVE.

O the soap-vat is a common thing!  
The pickle-tub is low!  
The loom and wheel have lost their grace  
In falling from the dwelling place  
To mills where all may go!  
The breadtray needeth not your love,  
The washtub wide doth roam,  
Even the oven free may rove,  
But bow ye down to the Holy Stove  
The Altar of the Home!

Before it bend the worshippers,  
And wreaths of parsley twine;  
Above it still the incense curls  
And a passing train of hired girls  
Do service at the shrine.  
We toil to keep the altar crowned  
With dishes new and nice,  
And Art and Love and Time and Truth  
We offer up with Health and Youth  
In daily sacrifice!

Speak not to us of a fairer faith,  
Of a lifetime free from pain—  
Our fathers always worshipped here—  
Our mothers served this altar dear—  
And still we serve amain.  
Our earliest dreams around it cling,  
Bright hopes that childhood sees,  
And memory leaves a vista wide  
Where Mother's doughnuts rank beside  
The thought of Mother's Knees.

The woodbox hath no sanctity—  
No glamor gilds the coal—  
But the Cook-stove is a sacred thing  
To which our reverent faith we bring  
And serve with heart and soul.  
The Home's a temple all divine  
By the Poker and the Hod!  
The Holy Stove, the altar fine—  
The wife, the Priestess at the shrine—  
Now who can be the god!

## A BROOD MARE.

It is a significant fact that the phenomenal improvement in horses during the last fifteen years is accompanied by the growing conviction that good points and a good record are as desirable in the dam as in the sire—if not more so.

I had a quarrel yesterday,  
A violent dispute  
With a man who tried to sell to me  
A strange amorphous brute.

A creature disproportionate,  
A beast to make you stare,  
An undeveloped, overgrown,  
Outrageous-looking mare.

Her forelegs they were weak and thin,  
Her hindlegs weak and fat,  
She was heavy in the quarters,  
With a narrow chest and flat;

And she had managed to combine—  
I'm sure I don't know how,  
The barrel of a greyhound  
With the belly of a cow.

She seemed exceeding feeble,  
And he owned with manner bland,  
That she walked a little, easily,  
But wasn't fit to stand!

I essayed to mount the animal  
To test her on the track,  
But he cried in real anxiety—  
“Get off! you'll strain her back!”

And then I sought to harness her,  
But he explained at length  
That any draught or carriage work  
Was quite beyond her strength.

No use to carry or to pull!  
No use upon the course!  
Said I “How can you have the face  
To call that thing a horse!”

Said he indignantly “I don't!  
I'm dealing on the square;  
I never said it was a horse,  
I told you 'twas a mare!

A mare was never meant to race  
To carry or to pull—  
She is meant for breeding only, so  
Her place in life is full."

Said I "Do you pretend to breed  
From such a beast as that!  
A mass of shapeless skin and bone  
Or shapeless skin and fat?"

Said he "Her sire was thoroughbred  
As fine as walked the earth,  
And all her colts receive from him  
The marks of noble birth.

And then I mate her carefully  
With horses fine and fit—  
Mares do not need to have themselves  
The points which they transmit!"

Said I "Do you pretend to say  
You can raise colts as fair  
From that fat cripple as you can  
From an able-bodied mare?"

Quoth he "I solemnly assert  
Just as I said before,—  
A mare that's good for breeding  
Can be good for nothing more!

Cried I, "one thing is certain proof,  
One thing I want to see;  
Trot out the noble colts you raise  
From your anomaly."

He looked a little dashed at this  
And the poor mare hung her head;  
"Fact is" said he "she's had but one,  
And that one—well, it's dead!"

## TO THE YOUNG WIFE.

Are you content? You pretty three-year's wife:  
Are you content and satisfied to live  
On what your loving husband loves to give,  
And give to him your life.

Are you content with work? To toil alone,  
To clean things dirty and to soil things clean  
To be a kitchen-maid—be called a Queen—  
Queen of a cook-stove throne?

Are you content to reign in that small space?  
A wooden palace and a yard-fenced land,  
With other Queens abundant on each hand  
Each fastened in her place?

Are you content to rear your children so?  
Untaught yourself, untrained, perplexed, distressed;  
Are you so sure your way is always best?  
That you can always know?

Have you forgotten how you used to long  
In days of ardent girlhood, to be great,  
To help the groaning world—to serve the state—  
To be so wise—so strong!

And are you quite convinced this is the way  
The only way a woman's duty lies—  
Knowing all women so have shut their eyes?  
Seeing the world to-day?

Have you no dream of life in fuller store?  
Of growing to be more than that you are?  
Doing the things you now do better far,  
Yet doing others—more?

Losing no love, but finding as you grew  
That as you entered upon nobler life  
You so became a richer, sweeter wife,  
A wiser mother too.

What holds you? Ah my dear it is your throne!  
Your paltry queenship in that narrow place,  
Your antique labors, your restricted space,  
Your working all alone?

Be not deceived! 'Tis not your wifely bond  
That holds you, nor the mother's royal power—  
But selfish slavish service hour by hour—  
A life with no beyond.



## AN OLD PROVERB.

*"As much pity to see a woman weep as to see a goose go barefoot!"*

No escape little creature! The earth hath no  
place  
For the woman who seeketh to fly from her  
race.

Poor, ignorant, timid, too helpless to roam,  
The woman must bear what befalls her, at home.  
Bear bravely, bear dumbly,—it is but the same  
That all others endure who live under the name—  
No escape, little creature!

No escape under heaven! Can man treat you  
worse  
After God has laid on you his infinite curse?  
The heaviest burden of sorrow you win  
Cannot weigh with the load of original sin.  
No shame be too black for the cowering face  
Of her who brought shame to the whole human  
race!

No escape under heaven!

Yet you feel, being human. You shrink from the  
pain  
That each child, born a woman, must suffer again.  
From the strongest of bonds heart can feel, man  
can shape,  
You cannot rebel, or appeal, or escape!  
You must bear and endure. If the heart cannot  
sleep,  
And the pain groweth bitter—too bitter—then  
weep!

For you feel, being human.

And she wept, being woman. The numberless  
years  
Have counted her burdens and counted her  
tears.  
The maid wept forsaken, the mother forlorn  
For the child that was dead, and the child that was  
born.  
Wept for joy—as a miracle! Wept in her pain!  
Wept aloud, wept in secret, wept ever in vain!  
Still she weeps, being woman.

## FALSE PLAY.

"Do you love me?" asked the mother of her child,  
And the baby answered "No!"  
Great Love listened and sadly smiled—  
He knew the love in the heart of the child—  
That you could not wake it so.

"Do not love me?" the foolish mother cried;  
And the baby answered "No!"  
He knew the worth of the trick she tried—  
Great Love listened, and grieving sighed,  
That the mother scorned him so.

"O poor mama!" and she played her part  
Till the baby's strength gave way;  
He new it was false in his inmost heart  
But he could not bear that her tears should start  
So he joined in the lying play.

"Then love mama!" and the soft lips crept  
To the kiss that his love should show;  
The mouth to speak while the spirit slept!  
Great Love listened, and blushed and wept  
That they blasphemed him so.

## THE CHILD SPEAKS.

Get back! Give me air! Give me freedom and  
room,  
The warm earth and bright water, the crowding  
sweet bloom  
Of the flowers and the measureless marvelous  
sky—  
All of these, all the time, and a shelter close by  
Where silence and beauty and peace are my own  
In a chamber alone.

Then bring me the others! "A child" is a crime.  
It is "children" who grow through the beautiful  
time  
Of their childhood up into the age you are in—  
"A child" must needs suffer and sicken and sin—  
The life of a child needs the life of its kind  
O ye stupid and blind!

Then the best of your heart and the best of your  
brain!  
The face of all beauty! The soul without stain!  
Your noblest! Your wisest! with us is the place  
To consecrate life to the good of the race!  
That our childhood may pass with the best you  
can give  
And our manhood so live!

The wisdom of years, the experience deep  
That shall laugh with our waking and watch  
    with our sleep;  
The patience of age, the keen honor of youth,  
To guide us in doing and teach us in truth;  
With the garnered ripe fruit of the world at our  
    feet—  
    Both the bitter and sweet.

What is this that you offer? One man's narrow  
    purse!  
One woman's strained life and a heart straining  
    worse!  
Confined as in prisons,—held down as in caves—  
The teaching of tyrants—the service of slaves—  
The garments of falsehood and bondage—the  
    weight  
    Of your own evil state.

And what is this brought as atonement for these?  
For our blind misdirection, our death and dis-  
    ease—  
For the grief of our childhood, the loss and the  
    wrong,  
For the shame and the sin and the sorrow thereof—  
    Dare you say it is love?

Love! First give freedom,—the right of the  
brute!

The air with its sunshine, the earth with its fruit!  
Love! First give wisdom—intelligent care,  
That shall help to bring out all the good that is  
there.

Love! First give justice! There's nothing  
above!—

And then you may love!

## MOTHER TO CHILD.

How best can I serve thee, my child! my child!  
Flesh of my flesh and dear heart of my heart!  
Once thou wast within me—I held thee, I fed  
thee—

By the force of my loving and longing I led thee—  
Now we are apart!

I may blind thee with kisses and crush with embracing,

Thy warm mouth in my neck and our arms interlacing,

But here in my body my soul lives alone  
And thou answerest me from a house of thine  
own—

That house which I builded!

Which we builded together, thy father and I!  
In which thou must live, O my darling, and die!  
Not one stone can I alter, no atom relay—  
Not to save or defend thee or help thee to stay—  
That gift is completed!

How best can I serve thee! O child, if they knew  
How my heart aches with loving! How deep  
and how true,

How brave and enduring, how patient, how strong,  
How longing for good and how fearful of wrong  
Is the love of thy mother.

Could I crown thee with riches! Surround, over-  
flow thee,  
With fame and with power till the whole world  
should know thee,  
With wisdom and genius to hold the world still,  
To bring laughter and tears, joy and pain, at thy  
will,—  
Still—*thou* mightest not be happy!

Such have lived—and in sorrow! The greater  
the mind  
The wider and deeper the grief it can find.  
The richer, the gladder, the more thou canst feel  
The keen stings that a lifetime is sure to reveal!  
O my child! Must thou suffer?

Is there no way my life can save thine from a  
pain?  
Is the love of a mother no possible gain?  
No labor of Hercules—search for the Grail—  
No way for this wonderful love to avail?  
God in Heaven—*O teach me!*



My prayer has been answered. The pain thou  
must bear  
Is the pain of the world's life which thy life must  
share.  
Thou art one with the world—though I love thee  
the best;  
And to save thee from pain I must save all the  
rest—  
Well—with God's help I'll do it!

Thou art one with the rest. I must love thee in  
them!  
Thou wilt sin with the rest—and thy mother must  
stem  
The world's sin. Thou wilt weep—and thy mother  
must dry  
The tears of the world lest her darling should cry!  
I will do it—God helping!

And I stand not alone. I will gather a band  
Of all loving mothers from land unto land,—  
Our children are part of the world! Do ye hear?  
They are one with the world—we must hold them  
all dear!  
Love all for the child's sake!

For the sake of my child I must hasten to save  
All the children on earth from the jail and the  
grave.

For so and so only I lighten the share  
Of the pain of the world that my darling must  
bear—

Even so, and so only!

## TO MAN.

In dark and early ages, through the primal forests  
faring,

Ere the soul came shining into prehistoric  
night,

Two-fold man was equal; they were comrades dear  
and daring,

Living wild and free together in unreasoning  
delight.

Ere the soul was born and consciousness came  
slowly,

Ere the soul was born, to man and woman  
too,

Ere he found the Tree of Knowledge, that awful  
tree and holy,

Ere he knew he felt, and knew he knew.

Then said he to Pain, "I am wise now and I know  
you!

No more will I suffer while power and wisdom  
last!"

Then said he to Pleasure, "I am strong, and I will  
show you

That the will of man can seize you, aye, and  
hold you fast!"

Food he ate for pleasure, and wine he drank for  
gladness;

And woman? Ah, the woman! The crown  
of all delight!

His now—he knew it! He was strong to mad-  
ness

In that early dawning after prehistoric  
night.

His,—his forever! That glory sweet and tender!

Ah—but he would love her! And she should  
love but him!

He would work and struggle for her, he would  
shelter and defend her—

She should never leave him, never, till their  
eyes in death were dim.

Close, close, he bound her that she should leave  
him never!

Weak still he kept her, lest she be strong to  
flee;

And the fainting flame of passion he kept alive  
forever

With all the arts and forces of earth and sky  
and sea.

## SHE WHO IS TO COME.

A woman—in so far as she beholdeth  
Her one Beloved's face:  
A mother—with a great heart that enfoldeth  
The children of the Race:  
A body, free and strong, with that high beauty  
That comes of perfect use, is built thereof:  
A mind where Reason ruleth over Duty,  
And Justice reigns with Love:  
A self-poised royal soul, brave, wise, and tender,  
No longer blind and dumb:  
A Human Being, of an unknown splendor,  
Is she who is to come!

## SIMILAR CASES.

There was once a little animal,  
No bigger than a fox,  
And on five toes he scampered  
Over Tertiary rocks.  
They called him Eohippus,  
And they called him very small,  
And they thought him of no value—  
When they thought of him at all.  
For the lumpy Dinoceras  
And Coryphodont so slow  
Were the heavy aristocracy  
In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus:  
"I am going to be a horse!  
And on my middle finger nails  
To run my earthly course!  
I'm going to have a flowing tail!  
I'm going to have a mane!  
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high  
On the psychozoic plain!"  
The Coryphodont was horrified,  
The Dinoceras shocked;  
And they chased young Eohippus,  
But he skipped away and mocked.

Then they laughed enormous laughter,  
And they groaned enormous groans,  
And they bade young Eohippus  
Go and view his father's bones.  
Said they: "You always were as small  
And mean as now we see,  
And therefore it is evident  
That you're always going to be!

'What! Be a great tall, handsome beast  
With hoofs to gallop on!  
*Why, you'd have to change your nature!"*  
Said the Loxolophodon.  
They considered him disposed of,  
And retired with gait serene—  
That was the way they argued "  
In "the early eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape,  
Far smarter than the rest,  
And everything that they could do  
He always did the best;  
So they naturally disliked him  
And they gave him shoulders cool,  
And when they had to mention him,  
They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious ape one day:  
"I'm going to be a man!  
And stand upright and hunt and fight,  
And conquer all I can!

I'm going to cut down forest trees  
To make my houses higher!  
I'm going to kill the Mastodon!  
I'm going to make a fire!"  
Loud screamed the Anthropoloidal Apes  
With laughter wild and gay;  
Then tried to catch that boastful one,  
But he always got away.  
So they yelled at him in chorus,  
Which he minded not a whit;  
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,  
Which didn't seem to hit.

And then they gave him reasons,  
Which they thought of much avail,  
To prove how his preposterous  
Attempt was sure to fail.  
Said the sages: "In the first place,  
The thing cannot be done!  
And second, if it *could* be,  
It would not be any fun!



And third, and most conclusive,  
And admitting no reply,  
*You would have to change your nature!*  
We should like to see you try!"  
They chuckled then triumphantly,  
These lean and hairy shapes,  
For these things passed as arguments,  
With the Anthropodial Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,  
An enterprising wight,  
Who made his chopping implements  
Unusually bright,  
Unusually clever he,  
Unusually brave,  
And he drew delightful mammoths  
On the borders of his cave.  
To his Neolithic neighbors,  
Who were startled and surprised,  
Said he: "My friends, in course of time,  
We shall be civilized!

We are going to live in cities!  
We are going to fight in wars!  
We are going to eat three times a day,  
Without the natural cause!

We are going to turn life upside-down  
About a thing called gold!  
We are going to want the earth, and take  
As much as we can hold!  
We are going to wear great piles of stuff  
Outside our proper skins;  
We are going to have Diseases!  
And Accomplishments!! and Sins!!!

Then they all rose up in fury  
Against their boastful friend;  
For prehistoric patience  
Cometh quickly to an end.  
Said one: "This is chimerical!  
Utopian! Absurd!"  
Said another: "What a stupid life!  
Too dull, upon my word!"  
Cried all: "Before such things can come,  
You idiotic child,  
*You must alter Human Nature!*"  
And they all sat back and smiled.

Thought they: "An answer to that last  
It will be hard to find!"  
It was a clinching argument  
To the Neolithic Mind!

## VAIN FEARS.

O fools and blind! Are ye so wed to pain  
That pleasure seems a weariness and waste!  
Is vice so dear that you must fling disdain  
On virtue, angel-faced!

Doth foul disease make glad life fly so fast  
That death appears a dull and tedious guest?  
Are care and labor grown so sweet at last  
Ye dare scorn ease and rest?

If man and maid and child were free and strong  
And grew in power and knowledge year by year,  
Free from the fear of want, the fear of wrong,  
Who loses? Why this fear?

They would not suffer who had ne'er before  
Known aught but care and hunger, toil and pain;  
Who loses then, but ye who now have more  
Then all their lifetime's gain?

What do ye lose? Only the power to shine  
Light against darkness, triumph o'er defeat,  
The dismal "yours" beside the glorious "mine!"—  
That contrast passing sweet.

Yet 'neath this folly is a saving grace,  
An underlying truth, deep as the sea—  
We know that Pain is Pleasure's other face—  
A twofold mystery.

We know there is no light save shade be there,  
No wisdom without folly hid within,  
No strength without some weakness to compare,  
No virtue without sin.

But the soul grows, the pains and pleasures change,  
Age after age we need, and Nature gives;  
Mankind still rises in his ceaseless range;  
The human creature lives!

Did they dread loss who changed the awful cold  
For fire, with train of torture and disease?  
Or nakedness for dress, with sin less bold?  
There was no loss in these!

'Twas gain to change the freedom of the hills  
For homes; to live by fraud instead of force;  
'Twas gain to change brute passions, wed at will,  
For marriage—and divorce!

Fear not, O fools! The pathway must be trod!  
Who fights with fate will ever fight in vain;  
'Take your new pleasures at the hand of God—  
He will provide new pain!

## A CONSERVATIVE.

The garden beds I wandered by  
One bright and cheerful morn,  
When I found a new-fledged butterfly  
A-sitting on a thorn,  
A black and crimson butterfly,  
All doleful and forlorn.

I thought that life could have no sting  
To infant butterflies,  
So I gazed on this unhappy thing  
With wonder and surprise,  
While sadly with his waving wing  
He wiped his weeping eyes.

Said I, "What can the matter be?  
Why weepest thou so sore?  
With garden fair and sunlight free  
And flowers in goodly store!"—  
But he only turned away from me  
And burst into a roar.

Cried he, "My legs are thin and few  
Where once I had a swarm!  
Soft fuzzy fur—a joy to view—  
Once kept my body warm!  
Before these flapping wing-things grew,  
To hamper and deform!

At that outrageous bug I shot  
The fury of mine eye,  
Said I, in scorn all burning hot,  
In rage and anger high,  
"You ignominious idiot!  
Those wings are made to fly!"

"I do not want to fly!" said he,  
"I only want to squirm?"  
And he drooped his wings dejectedly,  
But still his voice was firm;  
"I do not want to be a fly!  
I want to be a worm!"

O yesterday of unknown lack!  
To-day of unknown bliss!  
I left my fool in red and black;  
The last I saw was this—  
The creature madly climbing back  
Into his chrysalis!

## AN OBSTACLE.

I was climbing up a mountain path  
With many things to do,  
Important business of my own  
And other people's too,  
When I ran against a Prejudice  
That quite cut off the view.

My work was such as could not wait,  
My path quite clearly showed,  
My strength and time were limited,  
I carried quite a load,  
And there that hulking Prejudice  
Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,  
For he was huge and high,  
And begged that he would move a bit  
And let me travel by;—  
He smiled, but as for moving!  
He didn't even try.

And then I reasoned quietly  
With that colossal mule;  
My time was short—no other path—  
The mountain winds were cool—  
I argued like a Solomon,—  
He sat there like a fool.

Then I flew into a passion,  
I danced and howled and swore,  
I pelted and belabored him  
Till I was stiff and sore;  
He got as mad as I did—  
But he sat there as before.

And then I begged him on my knees—  
I might be kneeling still  
If so I hoped to move that mass  
Of obdurate ill will—  
As well invite the monument  
To vacate Bunker Hill!

So I sat before him helpless,  
In an ecstasy of woe:  
The mountain mists were rising fast,  
The sun was sinking slow,—  
When a sudden inspiration came,  
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick,  
My load I settled fair,  
I approached that awful incubus  
With an absent-minded air—  
And I walked directly through him,  
As if he wasn't there!



## WEDDED BLISS.

"O come and be my mate!" said the Eagle to the  
Hen;

"I love to soar, but then

I want my mate to rest

Forever in the nest!"

Said the Hen, "I cannot fly,

I have no wish to try,

But I joy to see my mate careering through the  
sky!"

They wed, and cried, "Ah! this is Love, my own!"

And the Hen sat, the Eagle soared, alone.

"O come and be my mate!" said the Lion to the  
Sheep;

"My love for you is deep!

I slay, a Lion should!

But you are mild and good!"

"Said the Sheep, "I do no ill,—

Could not, had I the will,

But I joy to see my mate pursue, devour, and kill!"

They wed, and cried, "Ah! this is Love, my own!"

And the Sheep browsed, the Lion prowled, alone.

"O come and be my mate!" said the Salmon to  
the Clam;

"You are not wise but I am!

I know sea and stream as well;

You know nothing but your shell!"

Said the Clam, "I'm slow of motion,

But my love is all devotion,

And I joy to have my mate traverse lake and  
stream, and ocean!

They wed, and cried, "Ah! this is Love, my own!"

And the clam sucked, the salmon swam, alone.

## WHAT'S THAT.

I met a little person on my land,  
A-fishing in the waters of my stream;  
He seemed a man, yet could not understand  
Things that to most men very simple seem.

"Get off!" said I, "This land is mine my friend"  
"Get out!" said I, "This brook belongs to me!  
I own the land, and you must make an end  
Of fishing here so free!"

"I own this place, the land and water too!  
You have no right to be here, that is flat!  
Get off it! That is all I ask of you!—"

"Own it!" Said he,— "what's that?"

"What's that?" said I, "why that is common sense!  
I own the water and the fishing right—  
I own the land from here to yonder fence—  
Get off, my friend, or fight!"

He looked at the clear stream so neatly kept,—  
He looked at teeming vine and laden tree,  
And wealthy fields of grain that stirred and slept—  
"I see!" he cried, "I see!"

"You mean you cut the wood and plowed the field,  
From your hard labor all this beauty grew—  
To you is due the richness of the yield—  
You have some claim, 'tis true!"

"Not so!" said I with manner very cool,  
And tossed my purse into the air and caught it;  
"Do I look like a laborer, you fool?  
It's mine because I bought it!"

Again he looked as if I talked in Greek,  
Again he scratched his head and twirled his hat;  
Before he mustered wit enough to speak—  
"Bought it?" said he—"what's that?"

And then he said again, "I see! I see!" [and hoes,  
"You mean that some men toiled with plows  
And while those worked for you you toiled with  
At other work for those!" [glee

"Not so!" said, I getting a little hot,  
Thinking the man a fool as well as funny,  
"I'm not a workingman, you idiot,  
I bought it with my money!"

And still that creature stared and dropped his jaw,  
Till I could have destroyed him where he sat;  
"Money!" said I, "Money, and moneyed law!"  
"Money?" said he,— "What's that?"

## AN ANTI-NATIONALIST WAIL.

Oh, dear!

The Christian virtues will disappear!

Nowhere on land or sea

Will be room for Charity!

Nowhere, in field or city,

A person to help or pity!

Better for them, no doubt,

Not to need helping out—

Of their old, miry ditch—

But alas for us, the rich!

For we should lose, you see,

Our boasted charity!—

Lose all the pride and joy

Of giving the poor employ,

And money, and food, and love,

(And making stock thereof!)

Our Christian virtues are gone,

With nothing to practice on!

It don't hurt them a bit,

For they can't practice it;

But it's our great joy and pride—

What virtue have we beside?

We believe as sure as we live,

That it is more blessed to give

Than to want, and waste, and grieve,  
And occasionally receive!  
And here are the people pressing  
To rob us of our pe- blessing!  
No chance to endow or bedizen  
A hospital, school or prison,  
And leave our own proud name  
To Gratitude and Fame!  
No chance to do one good deed,  
To give what we do not need,  
To leave what we cannot use  
To those whom we deign to choose!  
When none want broken meat,  
How shall our cake be sweet?  
When none want flannels and coals,  
How shall we save our souls?  
Oh, dear! Oh, dear!  
The Christian virtues will disappear!  
The poor have their virtues rude—  
Meekness and gratitude,  
Endurance, and respect  
For us, the world's elect;  
Economy, self-denial,  
Patience in every trial,  
Self-sacrifice, self-restraint—  
Virtues enough for a saint!  
Virtues enough to bear

All this life's sorrow and care;  
Virtue by which to rise  
To a front seat in the skies!  
How can they turn from this  
To common earthly bliss—  
Mere clothes, and food, and drink,  
And leisure to read and think,  
And art, and beauty, and ease—  
There is no crown for these!  
True, if their gratitude  
Were not for fire and food,  
They might still learn to bless  
The Lord for their happiness!  
And instead of respect for wealth,  
Might learn from beauty and health,  
And freedom in power and self—  
Each man to respect himself!  
And instead of scraping and saving,  
Might learn from using and having,  
That man's life should be spent  
In a grand development!  
But this is petty and small—  
These are not virtues at all—  
They do not look as they should—  
They don't do us any good!  
Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear!  
The Christian virtues will disappear.

## THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

In northern zones the ranging bear  
Protects himself with fat and hair.  
Where snow is deep and ice is stark,  
And half the year is cold and dark,  
He still survives a clime like that  
By growing fur, by growing fat.  
These traits, O Bear, which thou transmittest,  
Prove the survival of the fittest!

To polar regions waste and wan  
Comes the encroaching race of man.  
A puny, feeble, little lubber—  
He had no fur, he had no blubber.  
The scornful bear sat down at ease  
To see the stranger starve and freeze;  
But lo! the stranger slew the bear,  
And ate his fat and wore his hair!  
These deeds, O Man! which thou committest,  
Prove the survival of the fittest!



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In modern times the millionaire  
Protects himself as did the bear.  
Where Poverty and Hunger are,  
He counts his bullion by the car.  
Where thousands suffer, still he thrives,  
And after death his will survives.  
The wealth, O Cræsus! thou transmittest,  
Proves the survival of the fittest!

But lo! some people, odd and funny,  
Some men without a cent of money,  
The simple, common Human Race,—  
Chose to improve their dwelling place!  
They had no use for millionaires;  
They calmly said the world was theirs;  
They were so wise—so strong—so many—  
The millionaire? There wasn't any!  
These deeds, O Man, which thou committest,  
Prove the survival of the fittest!

## THE SWEET USES OF ADVERSITY.

In Norway fiords, in summer time,  
The Norway birch is fair;  
The white trunks shine, the green leaves twine,  
The whole tree groweth tall and fine,  
For all it wants is there—  
Water and warmth and air—  
Full fed in all its nature needs, and showing  
That nature in perfection by its growing.

But follow the persistent tree  
To the limit of endless snow—  
There you may see what a birch can be !  
The product showeth plain and free  
How nobly plants can grow  
With nine months winter slow.  
'Tis fitted to survive in that position;  
Developed by the force of bad condition.

See now what life the tree doth keep—  
Branchless, three-leaved, and tough— [creep  
In June the leaf-buds peep, flowers in July dare  
To bloom, the fruit in August, and then sleep.

**“THE POOR YE HAVE ALWAYS WITH YOU.”**

The poor ye have always with you—therefore  
why

Seek to improve a lot ordained of God—  
Dare to rebel beneath his chastening rod—  
Question the law on high?

The poor ye have always with you—plain to see  
Is this thing so far—stated by our Lord,  
Proved by the fact and also by his Word—  
So it must surely be.

Yet wait—“have always” is the present tense—  
He said they had them always, and they had;  
Must we therefore believe a thing so bad  
Shall always crush us with its weight immense?

“You always have the headache!” I complain—  
’Tis not prediction that you always will,  
Nor yet a lasting curse to say, worse still,  
That you must always bear that pain.

The poor we have had with us in full store  
From senseless age to age. Let man to-day  
Rise up and put this human shame away—  
Let us have poor no more!

## THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

Our business system has its base  
On one small thought that's out of place,  
The merest trifle,—nothing much, of course,  
The truth is there—who says it's not?  
Only—the trouble is—you've got  
The cart before the horse!

You say unless a man shall work  
Right earnestly, and never shirk, [small,  
He may not eat. Now look—the change is  
And yet the truth is plain to see,  
Unless man eats, and frequently—  
He cannot work at all.

And which comes first? Why that is plain,  
The man comes first. And, look again—  
A baby! with an appetite to fit!  
You have to feed him years and years  
And train him up with toil and tears  
Before he works a bit!

So let us change our old ideas  
And learn with these advancing years  
To give the oats before we ask for speed;  
Not set the hungry horse to run  
And tell him when the race is done  
That he shall have his feed!

IN THIS, OUR WORLD.

And when I want organs and members and such  
 I project them—an arm or a wing;  
 I can change as I will,  
 But you have to keep still—  
 Just a part of the mass where you cling!  
 You never can be but one thing!

And the Specialized Cell to the Amoeboid Cell  
 What you say is undoubtedly true,  
 But I'd rather be part  
 Of a thing with a heart  
 Than the whole of a creature like you!  
 A memberless morsel like you!

You say you're immortal and separate and free—  
 Yet you've died by the billion before;  
 Just a speck in the slime  
 At the birthday of Time—  
 And you never can be any more!  
 For you now you've no future in store!

You say you can be many things in yourself—  
 It's only all just alike to the end!  
 I am part of a whole—  
 A thing with a soul—  
 For which you're the unit my friend!  
 But you can never comprehend!

You are only yourself—just a series of ones;

You can only say "I"—never "we;"

All of us are combined

In a body with mind,

And *we* are the creature you see!

And the creature feeds *us*—which is *me*!

And being combined in a body like that

It can wisely provide us with food;

And we vary and change

In a limitless range—

We are specialized now, for our good!

And we each do our work—as we should!

What protection have you from the chances of

Fate?

What provision have you for the morrow?

You get food when it drops

And you die when it stops,

You can't give or take, lend or borrow!

You helpless free-agent of sorrow!

Just then came a frost and the Amoeboid Cell

Died out by the billion again;

But the Specialized Cell

In the body felt well

And rejoiced in his place in the brain

The dead level of life with a brain!

## MR. ROCKAFELLER'S PRAYER.

*(The wealthy Mr. Rockefeller is reported to have said that his income was so much in excess of his means of spending it that he had to kneel down every day and ask for Divine guidance to get rid of it.—Ex.)*

By his bedside, bowed in prayer,  
Kneeleth the multi-millionaire—  
Rockefeller, the millionaire.

He that believeth! He that prays!  
Asking the Lord to show him ways  
To spend his gold—to Him the praise!

For it pileth up and it lieth loose—  
Surplus gold beyond his use  
From the virgin's lamp and the widow's cruse.

"Teach me Lord how I may spend  
This gold of mine that hath no end—  
Shall I buy? Buy what? Shall I give? Or lend?"

Answers the Lord of spirit pure  
Out of the Word that shall endure—  
"Sell all thou hast and give the poor!"



But this man that hath laid strong hand  
On the people's oil, on the people's land,  
Wealth blinded—can he understand?

We give him his wealth, whoever we be,  
We pay his price in this land of the free,  
And he selleth for less across the sea!

They pay less and we pay more,  
Helpless all on either shore  
And still upswelleth his mighty store.

It swelleth vast and it weigheth sore,  
It rolleth and doubleth o'er and o'er,  
And so he prayeth—listen once more!

“Teach me Lord what I must do  
To spend my gold and pleasure you—  
To hold the earth and heaven too!

Answers the Lord of pain so free—  
The Lord of love and poverty—  
“Take up thy cross and follow me!”

While his unspent gold doth vex his head,  
While a million children cry for bread,  
How shall he hear what the Lord hath said?

In the name of the hungry left unfed,  
Or the sick and in prison unvisited,  
Listen to what the Lord hath said.

His Heaven is not reached ~~by~~ sin,  
The meek and poor ~~its~~ crown may win,  
But the rich shall hardly enter in!

Pray ~~thou~~ rich man! Pray again!  
To the Lord of poverty and pain.  
Pray and *do*—his Word is plain!

## A HOPE

Are you tired, patient miner?  
Digging slowly in the dark  
With your tiny pick and shovel  
At the wall of granite stark;

The awful wall of ignorance,  
The iron wall of sin,  
The mountain weight that crowds you down  
And holds you darkly in.

Does your gain seem less than nothing—  
All in vain the work you do?  
While you can't get out as you got in  
And yet cannot get through.

Then listen to a word of hope—  
'Tis not about the sky;  
'Tis not to bid you bear all this  
For a ghostly bye and bye.

'Tis to tell you there is help at hand  
While there alone you bow;  
That the daylight clear is coming near—  
Yes, it is coming now!

Brave digger in your narrow hole  
In that great wall of stone—  
Be of good cheer—the end is near—  
You have not worked alone!

Listen! Before—behind you—  
Above—below—around—  
A million miners rend the rock  
With rolling waves of sound!

A million hands are tearing fast—  
The rock is growing thin—  
And soon the human heart shall range  
Beyond the walls of sin!

THE OLD TIME WAIL.

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*An Associated Press dispatch describes the utterance of a Farmers' Alliance meeting in Kansas as consisting mostly of "the old time wail of distress."*

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Still Dives hath no peace. Broken his slumber,  
His feasts are troubled and his pleasures fail—  
For still he hears from voices without number  
The same old wail.

They gather yet in field and town and city—  
The people—discontented—bitter—pale,  
And murmur of oppression, pain, and pity—  
The old time wail.

And weary Dives, jaded in his pleasures,  
Finding the endless clamor tiresome—stale—  
Would gladly give a part of his wide treasures  
To quiet that old wail.

Old? Yes, as old as Egypt. Sounding lowly  
From naked millions, in the desert hid,  
Starving and bleeding while they builded, slowly,  
The Pharaohs' pyramid.

As old as Rome. That endless empire's minions  
Raised ever and again the same dull cry;  
And even Caesar's eagle bent his pinions  
While it disturbed the sky.

As old as the Dark Ages. The lean peasant,  
Numerous, patient, still as time went by,  
Made his lord's pastimes something less than  
pleasant  
With that unceasing cry.

It grew in volume down the crowding ages—  
Unheeded still, and unappeased, it swelled.  
And now it pleads in pain and now it rages—  
The answer still withheld.

A century ago it shrieked and clamored  
Till trembled emperors and kings grew pale;  
At gates of palaces it roared and hammered—  
The same old wail.

It got no final answer, though its passion  
Altered the face of Europe, monarchs slew;  
But ere it sank to silence, in some fashion  
Others were wailing, too.

And now in broad America we hear it—  
From crowded street, from boundless hill and  
vale.

Hear Dives! have ye not some cause to fear it?  
This old time wail?

Louder my brother! Let us wail no longer,  
Like those past sufferers whose hearts did break—  
We are a wiser race, a braver, stronger—  
Let us not ask, but take!

So Dives shall have no distress soever,  
No sound of anguished voice by land or sea,  
The old time wail shall so be stilled forever  
And Dives shall not be!

## POOR HUMAN NATURE!

I saw a meager melancholy cow,  
Blessed with a starveling calf who sucked in  
vain;  
Eftsoon he died. I asked the mother how—?  
Quoth she "Of every four there dieth twain!"  
Poor bovine nature!

I saw a sickly horse of shambling gait  
Ugly and wicked, weak in leg and back,  
Useless in all ways, in a wretched state,—  
"We're all poor creatures!" said the sorry hack.  
Poor equine nature!

I saw a slow cat crawling on the ground,  
Weak, clumsy, inefficient, full of fears,  
The mice escaping from her aimless bound—  
Moaned she "This truly is a vale of tears!"  
Poor feline nature!

Then did I glory in my noble race,  
Healthful and beautiful, alert and strong;  
Rejoicing that we held a higher place  
And need not add to theirs our mournful song—  
Poor human nature!



## CHARITY.

Came two young children to their mother's shelf  
 (One was quite little and the other big)  
 And each in freedom calmly helped himself—  
 (One was a pig.)

The food was free and plenty for them both,  
 But one was rather dull and very small,  
 So the big smarter brother, nothing loath,  
 He took it all.

At which the little fellow raised a yell,  
 Which tired the other's more extensive cell,  
 He gave him here a crust and there a roll  
 To stop his tears.

He gave with pride in halcyon days of old,  
 Finding the other's hunger a good deal  
 He gave with pity—in the olden days  
 Hid from the pig.

He gave and gave—(O blessed charity!)  
 How sweet and human a thing is it  
 How fine to see that my very young son  
 What was not his

## DIVISION OF PROPERTY.

Some sailors were starving at sea  
On a raft where they happened to be;  
    When one of the crew  
    Who was hidden from view  
Was found to be feasting most free.  
Then they cursed him in language profane  
Because there on the pitiless main  
    While the others did starve  
    He could ladle and carve,  
Eating food which they could not obtain.  
But, said he, 'tis my own little store!  
To feed all of you would take more!  
    If I shared 'twould be found  
    That it would not go round—  
And you all would starve on as before!  
It would only prolong your distress  
To distribute this one little mess!  
    The supply is so small  
    I had best eat it all—  
For me it will comfort and bless!  
This reasoning sounded most fair,  
But the men had large appetites there,  
    And while he explained  
    They ate all that remained—  
Forgetting to leave out his share!

OUR HUMAN KIND.

:

THE DEAD LEVEL.

There is a fear among us as we strive  
As we succeed or fail, or starve or revel  
That there will be no pleasure left alive  
When we in peace and joy at last arrive  
At one dead level.

And still the strangest part of this strange fear  
Is that it is not for ourselves we fear it  
We wish to rise and gain, we look ahead  
To pleasant years of peace ere we are dead—  
We wish that peace, but wish no other  
near it!

Say, does it spoil your pleasure in a town  
To have your neighbors' gardens full of roses?  
Is your house dearer when its eye looks down—  
On evil smelling shanties rough and brown—  
Is your nose safer than your neighbor's  
nose is?

Are you unhappy at some noble fête  
To see the whole bright throng in radiant  
dresses?  
Is your State safer when each other State  
That borders it is full of want and hate?  
Peace must be peace to all before it  
blesses.

Is knowledge sweeter when it is penned in  
By ignorance that does not know its master?  
Is goodness easier when plenteous sin  
Surrounds it, and can you not win  
Joy for yourself, without your friend's  
disaster?

O foolish children! With more foolish fear—  
Unworthy even of a well trained devil!  
Good things are good for all men—that is clear,  
To doubt it shows your heads are nowhere near  
To that much-dreaded level.

## WASTE.

**B**oth any man consider what we waste?  
**H**ere in God's garden? While the sea is full,  
**T**he sunlight smiles, and all the blessed earth  
**O**ffers her wealth to our intelligence.  
We waste our food, enough for half the world,  
In helpless luxury among the rich,  
In helpless ignorance among the poor,  
In spilling what we stop to quarrel for.  
We waste our wealth, in failing to produce,  
In robbing of each other every day  
In place of making things—our human crown.  
We waste our strength, in endless effort poured  
Like water on the sand, still toiling on  
To make a million things we do not want. [on,  
We waste our lives, those which should still lead  
Each new one gaining on the age behind,—  
In doing what we all have done before.  
We waste our love—poured up into the sky,  
Across the ocean, into desert lands,  
Sunk in one narrow circle next ourselves,  
While these, our brothers, suffer—are alone.  
Ye may not pass the near to love the far,  
Ye may not love the near and stop at that,  
Love spreads through man, not over or around.  
Yea, grievously we waste, and all the time  
Humanity is wanting—wanting sore.  
Waste not my brothers and ye shall not want.

## THE LOOKER ON.

The world was full of the battle,  
The whole world far and wide—  
Men and women and children  
Were fighting on either side.

I was sent from the hottest combat  
With a message of life and death,  
Black with smoke and red with blood,  
Weary and out of breath

When I found a cheerful stranger  
Calm, critical, serene,  
Well sheltered from all danger—  
Painting a battle scene.

He was cordially glad to see me,  
The coolly smiling wretch,  
And inquired with admiration  
“Do you mind if I make a sketch?”

So he had me down in a minute.  
With murmurs of real delight!  
My “color” was “delicious”—  
My “action” was “just right.”

And he prattled on with ardor  
Of the moving scene below—  
Of the “values” of the smoke wreaths  
And “the splendid rush and go”

**O**f the headlong desperate charges  
**O**f Where a thousand lives were spent—  
the “massing” in the foreground,  
With the “middle distance” blent.

**S**aid I “you speak serenely  
Of the living death in view—  
**T**hese are human creatures dying—  
Are you not human too?

**T**his is a present battle,  
Where all men strive to-day—  
How does it chance that you sit apart?  
Which is your banner—say!”

His fresh cheek blanched a little  
But he answered with a smile  
That he fought not on either side—  
He was watching a little while.

“Watching!” said I—“and neutral!  
Neutral in times like these!”  
And I plucked him off his sketching stool  
And brought him to his knees.

I stripped him of his traveling cloak  
And showed him to the sky—  
By his uniform—a traitor!  
By his handiwork—a spy!

I dragged him back to the field he left—  
To the fate he fitted for—  
We have no place for lookers on  
When all the world's at war!

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### FREE LAND IS NOT ENOUGH.

Free land is not enough. In earliest days  
When man, the baby, from the earth's bare breast  
Drew for himself his simple sustenance,  
Then freedom and his effort were enough.  
The world to which a man is born to-day  
Is a constructed, human, man-built world.  
As the first savage needed the free wood,  
We need the road, the ship, the bridge, the house,  
The government, society, and church,—  
These are the basis of our life to-day—  
As much necessities to modern man  
As was the forest to his ancestor.



To say to the newborn "Take here your land;  
In primal freedom settle where ye will,  
And work your own salvation in the world";  
Is but to put the last come upon earth  
Back with dim forerunners of his race,  
To climb the race's stairway in one life!  
Allied society owes to the young—  
The new men come to carry on the world—  
Account for all the past, the deeds, the keys,  
Full access to the riches of the earth.  
Why? That these new ones may not be compelled  
Each for himself to do our work again;  
But reach their manhood even with to-day,  
And gain to-morrow sooner. To go on,—  
To start from where we are and go ahead—  
That is true progress, true humanity,

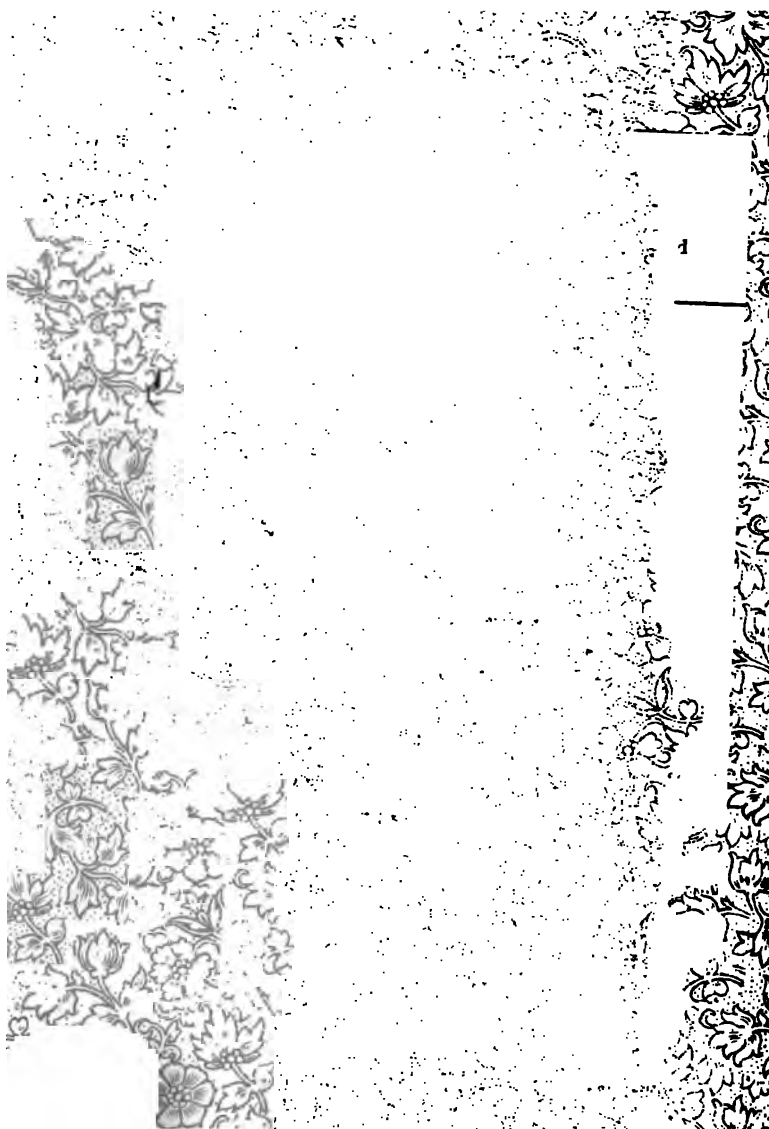
## NATIONALISM.

The nation is a unit. That which makes  
You an American of our to-day  
Requires the nation and its history,  
Requires the sum of all our citizens,  
Requires the product of our common toil,  
Requires the freedom of our common laws,  
The common heart of our humanity.  
Decrease our population, check our growth,  
Deprive us of our wealth, our liberty,  
Lower the nation's conscience by a hair,  
And you are less than that you were before!  
You stand here in the world the man you are,  
Because your country is America.  
Our liberty belongs to each of us;  
The nation guarantees it; in return  
We serve the nation, serving so ourselves.  
Our education is a common right;  
The state provides it, equally to all,  
Each taking what he can, and in return  
We serve the state, so serving best ourselves.  
Food, clothing, all necessities of life—  
These are a right as much as liberty!  
The nation feeds its children. In return  
We serve the nation, serving still ourselves,  
Nay, not ourselves—ourselves! We are but parts,  
The unit is the state—America.









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